

NEW JERSEY  
**"AFTER HOURS"**

*The Weekly Guide to Entertainment*

Nov. 3

1949

10¢

"Cab  
Comes  
to ..  
Town

(See Page 9)



"Hair Style Must Fit Personality"

*The New Cafe Society*

(See Page 5)

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NEWARK, N. J.

New Jersey

November 3, 1949

## "AFTER HOURS"

### *The Weekly Guide To Entertainment*

Published weekly at 130 Wickliffe St., Newark, N. J., by the AFTER HOUR PUBLISHING CO., Harry B. Webber, editor; Carl Brinson, manager; Albert Madison, Art Editor. Price 10 cents per copy. Subscription \$4.50 a year, \$2.50 6 months, 13 weeks \$1.00.

Manuscripts and drawings submitted paid for at nominal rates if accepted.

Contributing editors: Evelyn Boyden, Moe Jones, Melanee Jones. Re-search editors. Alice Richards, Larry Stalks, Mattie Taylor.

## *My Greatest Night Life Thrill*

By REESE LaRUE, Noted Dancer

It was when I was a G. I. during the war and met Josephine Baker in Paris. I was with the 261st Signal Corps. and a great afternoon show was held for us in a Parisian amphitheatre. As the sunlight streamed down on the crowded place a caravan of cars pulled up and I saw an alluring brown skin figure get out of one of them.

Suddenly the crowd started shouting: "Josephine Baker, Josephine Baker". She was dressed strictly Parisian and I recall she wore a sequin dress and extremely high heels. Later she took over the last half of the show and sang eight numbers, changing costumes between each and ending with her famous "Dance of the Bananas". One of her songs was "Good Night My Love".

She sung in English and French, but I noted she had become so European that her English accent was bad. Later I went back stage and was presented to her. She lauded American aid to her country's liberation and said what a pleasure it was to entertain Americans.

What impressed me most about her close-up was her eyes which are very sexy and the fact that she is really small and petite, although her pictures make her look tall.

## **On The Cover**

Laura Mae Ross, widely known Newark beautician said in a recent interview that latest hair styles are based on matching the physical personality with the style. As her foto shows she is a good example of this trend. She also says that the cold wave is the most popular style at the moment. Her views are echoed in this week's "After Hour Fashion Column" where the writer details the return of the bobbish hair style.



# The Inside Story

By BUTLER WEBB

NATIONAL SCENE: J. Finley Wilson, elk ruler was quite ill, is now up again. Judge W. C. Hueston, education commissioner and cousin of Finley, in the city last week as Wilson's stand-in, would not reveal the line of succession should anything happen to the Grand. However, when asked who was writing Finley's biography, Hueston said: "It will not be written until Finley is dead. Then his biographer will first see me, then see Bill Kelley and then my son, Harry who is keeping a lot of notes". asked why the story could not be written now, Hueston replied: "You never can tell when what Finley will do". Both, incidentally, are descendants of Sam Houston of Texas. The Education Commissioner also revealed that Atty. J. Leroy Jordan will head the 25th celebration of Hueston's position to be staged in Gary, Indiana next summer and that both Jordan and James H. Fultz are scheduled to rise in the national order.

Names around the main table at NAPE's big dance two Saturdays ago at the Masonic Temple: Postmaster Louis A. Reilly, Joseph Bravelt, John Lonergan, F. M. McDermott, Albert Mueller, Ancil Jacobs, Joseph A. Francis, Alfred Dunn, Elmer E. Armstead, James S. Jackson, Thomas P. Bomar, Charles R. Braxton, John R. Ramos, Vincent Lamb. Judge W. C. Hueston said here that Paul Robeson messed up by failing to add one word to his famous statement: "Negroes would not fight Russia. WILLINGLY". asked

J. Finley Wilson's secret of success, Hueston answered: "He knows what he doesn't know, he is likeable and he never forgets a friend". the prettiest women in town are falling into the Bridge and Owl Clubs these nights.

We didn't read anything about the Rev. A. J. Tibbs affair in the newspapers: why? is Rev. H. Beecher Jackson suffering delusions in his Newark Street cell? Alumni House attempt to go democratic is not succeeding; the weekly loss must be terrific. understand the old timers in town at recent game ended up in a late get-together at Dr. Walter E. Longshore's big home with its many rich rooms. A lot of State employees are anti-Driscoll. You can get some fair odds that all in the GOP camp is not rasy. Understand funds are below par in both camps.

Toussaint Ware forces will fight it out with Prosper Brewer at polls next spring. Dr. J. C. Carr is playing a big hand in local politics, though dodging the publicity. James H. Purdy, Jr., is with Color Magazine. Station WAAT moving to the Mosque Building. Looks like biggest dance of the season will be Cosmetologists Guild Style at the Terrace November 13. By the way the contest between the Guild and the Janet Beadle Show in New York is terrific, some girls planning to rush around and attend both. Minnie Williams made After Hours cover twice.

Top figures in Alumni House worrying about the growing red. best political article of the week: Davis Lee's devastation of the Driscoll - the - liberal - illus-

(Continued on page 8)

## New Look in Cafe Society

By Harry B. Webber

All along the streamlined bars and the little tables and booths in the night clubs you find a "new look" among the smart-dressed women who frequent that world. And since women create what is known as society, it looks like a new kind of local set is being formed.

You only see signs of the new trend these nights, but they are distinct signs. And, whereas, in the past many of the same people were seen at the same place, these days they all have this new look. You see it in their clothes and in their hair and in the fact that women in pairs or groups or even alone are more sure of themselves when they walk into a place.

A man fears to take this plunge, but I might say that this whole new angle to the After Hour life in Jersey might be credited to the growing number of beauticians and modistes who seem to be unconsciously creating a style that fits nicely into requirements of this phase of after hour life. Perhaps another reason is the surging model craze. For, recently, the local model schools have reported a big rise in students and no better practice for modelling can there be than in that old society dictum; that the ability to walk alone across a floor be-

fore many people is an art.

After Hours Magazine has noted this trend because of its constant search for cover girls. You pick a face which looks suitable for a cover and then you get a noted photographer to bring out what you see and there you are.

And that brings us to another basis for this apparent new look or new and smarter cafe society group.

Our local fotogs are turning out an amazing amount of fine work in feminine portraits. Such masters as Dewey Ackis, Al Henderson, Wells Ramey, James H. Purdy, Jr., and dozens of others are contributing their share to this new popularity of the new smart set.

So far many of the bars and clubs have not grown aware of the new trend in customers; but sooner or later we suspect all will become aware of it. This article is not too clear on the subject, but keep your eyes open and you will see what we mean.

One other angle to the new cafe society look is the growing ease in marital relations. A married woman out alone or with another married woman needs no longer fear unfair gossip. Such appearances by men and women are being taken in their stride, so, much that few ask each other any more whether either is married or not.



# Spruce Street

By ALBERT E. HART

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## What Happened Before:

After slaying Speedy Roberts, Johnny, a handsome New Yorker has gone home with Babe a lovely Newark girl living on W. Kinney St. Two frantic nights of love and fear ended in Johnny's revisiting the scene of the crime and the tavern where Sharon, a girl he has fallen in love with. He makes a date with Sharon for 8:30 that night and returns to Babe's apartment where he hurts her deeply with cruel, harsh, words. Despite his hardness, Babe has done everything to please him. He leaves her sobbing and heartbroken as he goes to meet Sharon for a nocturnal tryst. (Now go with the story).

## CHAPTER V

### "COLD AS ICE"

In his hurried rush to get outside he didn't notice two drunks standing in the dark recesses of the hallway drinking wine. By mistake he bumped into one of them.

"Opps, pardon me," he said.

"Pardon hell!" the drunk retorted. "Can't you see where you're goin'. Maybe if we hung a couple shiners on this guy, he'd be able to see better."

Johnny was terrified as the two men advanced towards him. There was an almost insane lust for a fight showing in their eyes. As they approached him Johnny could see them better. They were both very young, appearing to be not over 18. One of them had on a pair of Army fatigue pants and a faded yellow sport shirt. His hair stood up on his head and his eyes were bloodshot. The other youth wore brown tweed pants, and a yellow bolero shirt. His hair was rather neatly combed but his eyes had the same bloodshot look.

"Hopheads," thought Johnny, as he felt in his pocket for his switchblade. It wasn't there and he remembered that he had discarded it after killing Speedy Roberts. His fear, heightened as all his life he had depended on his knife to give him strength. Now he trembled as he cowered back against the wall.

The man in the army pants, his breath coming in short gasps, grabbed Johnny by the new tie Babe had brought him and yanked him forward.

"Look, Frankie, a pretty little tie. Let's give the man his tie."

A knife glistened in his hand and with one deft sweep he cut Johnny's tie off and handed it to him. Johnny was sweating and pleading for mercy.

"Please fellers, don't cut me. I ain't done nothing to you. Look - - tell ya what I'll do. I'll buy you some wine. Come on, we'll go to the liquor store and get some. Please don't hurt me? Please?"

The man addressed as Frankie said. "Oh leave him alone. He said he'd buy us some wine, so that's good enough for me."

(Continued on page 7)



"THEY TOOK A TAXI TO THE PARK"

## Spruce Street

Frankie released his hold on Johnny's coat and the trio made their way out into West Kinney Street. Johnny breathed a sigh of relief as they made their way through the Summer evening crowds towards the Hi Spot. There he purchased a fifth of wine for the couple and left them. He examined his appearance in the store's mirror in the scales in front of the drug store across the street. His hair had become slightly mussed in the struggle but aside from this and the missing tie, he was none the worse off for his ordeal. He approached a man standing on the corner waiting for a 5 Kinney bus.

"Mister, where can I buy a tie this time of night?"

The man who was rather aged and wore an old panama suit and a battered straw hat, regarded Johnny briefly. "Stranger in town huh? Well I'll tell ya - Walk right up the street fo' - - let me see - - fust comes Howard, then Broome, then Prince - - that's it - - three blocks. That'll be Prince St. You'll find a store open on that street somewhere."

Johnny thanked the man and hurried off up West Kinney Street. It didn't take him long to find a store open on Prince Street. He dashed in and asked for a tie. He picked a maroon one from the rack and surveyed himself once more in

(Continued on page 19)



## Who is this Person?

(Last week's Mystery Personality, Atty. Roger M. Yancey, assistant U. S. Attorney).

Our man has an excellent speaking voice. He came to Newark from the West. He was in court once in a civil action that made headlines. Once his office was on West Market St.

He learned the way to get ahead in Newark is to mix with downtown as well as racial organizations. He has a very able wife, though both are too busy to be seen socially anymore. The man has been much fought for one reason or another but always seems to win out in the end. He owns a sizeable piece of Newark property.

He is quite well known in the state and since he achieved his present position he is coming to be well-known nationally. He possesses great poise and is an idol of the upper classes.

Once he had a lot to say about where we live. He was quite prominent during the war in the O. D. B. movement. He plays golf, sometimes walks to work although he, of course, can drive if he wishes. He does not get along too well with our newspapermen. He has a lot to say about integration.

Who is this person? See next week's issue.

## Inside Story

(Continued from page 4)

ion. H. Beecher beat Deacon Wells with a bat first, then stabbed him when unconscious. Melvin Johnson says P. C. and A. A. did not get paid for Governor build-up. calm Alice Richards won amateur singing contest at Tylelr's. Henry Graham rushing around spending money for properties like mad: bought apartment at Spruce and Quitman and a bar on Spruce.

### PREDICTIONS:

- 1 Mt. Carmel will resist the move to re-combine it with murder-haunted 13th Ave.
- 2 The Don Newcombe dinner will be a sell-out
- 3 Insults to patrons of spots with floor shows will boomerang

## Club Caravan

WARREN EVANS  
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Lots of Luck  
To  
Robert Horvath  
1/2 1/2 1/2  
Cab Calloway

# Cab Calloway Tells of Marriage

(Story on Page 24)

# Looking Straight

By EVELYN BOYDEN

## A GET ACQUAINTED PARTY:

This past weekend we "peeked in" on something new in the way of Social Life. . . "A Get Acquainted Party" . . . something originated by members of the Third Ward Young Republicans of Newark. . . a regular Friday event. . . at various members homes, whereby each member of the Young Republicans, invites several friends to "Get Acquainted with each other" . . . Last Friday evening Bill Davis, Chairman of Third Ward Young Republicans entertained at his home, 139 Somerset Street. . . among guests: popular Larrie Stalks, who by the way is Chairlady of Third Ward Democrats. . . but interested in meeting Young Republicans. . . she's what we call liberal in the true sense of the word. . . we met interesting Curtis Kendrick, M. D. whom we learned is interning at Harlem Hospital. . . he came along, by the way, with Gertrude James. . . we renewed acquaintance with Thomas Millard, whom we "knew when" . . . he is now studying Psychology at a local College. . . also present: Alberta Royal, Nurse's Aide, very efficiently acting as a hostess and keeping an eye open for new club prospects. . . from East Orange New Jersey, Betty Cunningham, YA Employee. . . making new friends and seeming to enjoy herself. . . Pearl and Whirley Cooper of Elizabeth, New Jersey. . . David Jones, Jr. of Rutgers University, (Newark Colleges). . . Evelyn and Walter Gorham. . . and several others. (Why Not Begin To Entertain Weekly and Get Acquainted with Some New People. We

Think it's a grand idea). . .

We Dropped In on Some Local Night Life. The Setting: New Jersey Bridge Unit located on Washington Street, a few evenings ago. . . met Larrie Stalks, Hattie Scruggs. . . having their usual congenial chat. . . Millicent Brown, still quite the "Glamour gal" . . . met a new personality, Burton Moore who claims Boston, Mass., as his home town. . . a rather modest, unassuming person. . . who is employed in the Contracting Business. . . tells us that houses will soon be cheaper. . . and that he wonders why Newark has so many "phonies". . . we wonder, too. . . we liked Jimmy, the "Singing Bartender". . . we think he sings rather nicely. . . and convincingly.

## And We Invite You To Attend

On Friday evening October 28, 1949, at the Court Street YMCA. . . an affair which the YM-YWCA Council hopes will set the "Y" on fire! . . . Open House, admission free. . . music by Nate Phipps and His Orchestra and entertainment by Donald Sutton, Modern Dancer. . . (who, by the way, has been signed for some Television Shows). . . The YM-YWCA Council is composed of several Younger Set Members between the ages of 21 and 30, a progressive group of individuals interested in civic activities. . . and, who firmly believe that they can, (and do) have fun at the YWCA and YMCA. . . it's co-ed and membership remains open. . . members include: Bob Leake, Chairman, Eugene Slaughter, Vice Chairman. . . your Scribe, Secretary and Stella Lewis, Treasurer. . . Hattie Beckwith, Eugene Bouie, Imogene Blount, Helen Dawkins, Jerome Wilson, Ida O'Neill, John Herbert, Calvin David-

(Continued on page 11)

# The Peoples Choice

By JIMMIE PITTS

Tena Bumpas of Orange doesn't get around much anymore since her ace-buddy, Ida Barnhill, joined the elite set. Elizabeth Morton, heartthrob of Jimmie McLaughlin and Harlem Hospital nurse now vacationing with her sister in Cranford. Mike Flanagan of the Velvetones home for a rest but hanging out with Savoy Shorty. Al Knight voted the most popular special policeman in Newark.

George Alpha has joined the six shooter club. Earl Harris, formerly of the Duke of Kent S. C. and local promoter is a perfect host at the Downbeat. La Verne Conover, local playgirl popular with the boys in Linden. Jimmy Atkinson of the third ward now at Blue Lantern Luncheonette. the Body has finally joined the matrimony club. they call Billy Galloway the "thin man", Al Gunga Tillery the "fat man". Louise Anderson shook her husband and moved to a beautiful Sugar Hill home.

Bar service at the Pic by Johnny Williams is tops. Clarence Hayes and Savoy Short now both have Caddies Marion Davis a real "do or die" Dodger fan, win or lose. The pretty waitress in Little Johnnie's dining room is the boss' sister-in-law. Billy Edward has found a pretty little tree that grows in Brooklyn. Jimmy Wilson sporting a '49 Plymouth. Olivia Kelly and Pearl Hunt home and doing fine. Two waiters at D. B. in a tailspin over Madelyn Richards. Things to Come: Queen of High School Contest by the Kingsman Club. Adelaide Gatlin and

Jacqueline Abbott not around much lately. Florence James, popular waitress at Charlie's Lunch now seems free. Red Jones of East Orange daffy over E. O. team so Montclair ran him and E. O. crazy.

Add Georgia peaches: Jessie Sheffield of Sterling Street. Mummies Social Club had a fine year of entertainment. "I Love You Yes I Do" the words being sung to Jimmie Fuitz, Jr., by a fine young lady named Peggy.

## Looking Straight

(Continued from page 10)

son, Theresa Desmond, Jeanette Perry, Mary Hembry, Christine Greene, Claudia Foster, John Mike, and as Advisor to the group, Bob Queen former Herald News, Afro American scribe who is now employed as City Editor for the Philadelphia Independent. they hope to see you on Friday evening October 28, 1949. 9 P. M. until Midnight at the Court St. YMCA, 153 Court Street, Newark, N. J.

And, You Have Probably Wondered. What happened to the Esqui-Vogues of Northern New Jersey and I guess you will be happy to know they still remain on the scene after celebrating their sixth anniversary as a club. (and quite proud of the fact, for so many organizations, especially among the "fair sex" deteriorate in few years). The ESQUI-VOGUES are planning an affair, in order to renew acquaintances. very soon, and if you will watch LOOKING STRAIGHT, you will be properly informed as to the date and place. Until another Seven..





For style and chic no member of Newark's younger set has such eolat as Miss Rebecca Newby, of 115 Wickcliffe Sereet shown her in a close-up taken at last Saturday night's Postai Alliance dance at the Masonic Temple.

# Tiny Prince

By TINY PRINCE

The Spiel - - Cop this spiel from an unhip-beel who is, going to cover this field. The Howard Bar jumping like mad featuring "3 Chucks and A Chick" whose entertainment value is tops. Dave the owner and manager certainly knows what the crowd likes by retaining this group. Hazel Burk is a chick who keeps most of the Roosters clucking about her well-groomed appearance. Club Caravan comes from under with a bang-up movie-groovie show. Singer Warren Evans of "Don't Be Late" fame, Snake Hips Moore, Miss Rhapsody and Bill Goode's new band

Mary Scott and Francis Brooks doing the town up in brown. Jackie Wynn gay boy stashed in Urban Club, East Orange with his frau Shirley Powers serenaded by piano-playing Barbara Jackson and charming Barbara Drew. Lita Hart is shaking and shimmering until your eyes pop out of your head. listening to the soothing vocals of Zanza supported by the music of Gus Young and Band..

Wardell Smith, Rebecca Newby, the model, Judge Walker, Alice Richards, Jimmie Pitts and Teresa Ross social and nite life folks making merry at Jimmy Fultz's Owl Club, the hub of all activity. Barnes model Larue Williams said "I Do" two weeks ago. Dan's Tavern gay in the play with Raymond Clarey giving everyone a twirl. The Democratic As-

sociation putting its best foot forward, says Champ Morris Parker. Fyieda Chambers looks like some one else since red hair-do and new bop glasses. Pagine Bobby Peale, where art thou?? .. Mrs. Rosamond Stewart Marrow deserves all credit for splendid affair at Prince Hall two weeks ago. I love the people who support Community Hospital.

Musicians - - This year is the first contest sponsored by After Hours, your weekly magazine. Its purpose to determine by your selection who is who among New Jersey's best..

---

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From African Dance to Bop



Wendy Felton of Bloomfield has for years been Jersey's most famed ballroom dancer though he has never danced professionally. He is shown here in one of his elaborate waltz steps with Dorothy Hairston of East Orange, at last Saturday's crowded dance of the Newark Postal Alliance.



# After Hour Fashion

## THE SHORT HAIRDO AND YOUR CHAPEAUX

"The shorter the hair the more feminine", say many hair stylists as they describe the new coiffures...the modern short cut gives a passing glance of the twenties with a small neat look. Hair tapering to follow hairline at the back, bangs cut in airy fringes or parted on either side of the face in spit curls or bangs dipped to a point for a charming variation of dutch boy cut...The short hairdo can be worn in numerous ways, straight back, brushed forward, cut with waves and no curls, bangs with hair brushed forward..Featured colors for the Fall Hats, tones of honey beige and white, shapes for after dark glittering rhinestones and feathers. Draped sides, folds caught in front with bands of seed pearls, pill boxes slanted over the ear with curling feathers, side tipped cloches with seed pearled band. Head hugging hats embroidered with ropes of pearls and white peacock feathers. Velvet hats accented with pearls and rhinestones. Strands of pearls twined round the roll brim, tiny mesh



In the forefront of Jersey's newer crowd of young women who drive their own new cars and are seen at all the smarter affairs is Mrs. Theresa Ross of Hollywood Ave., East Orange.



crown cap, sweeping spray of feathers sparkling with rhinestones. Painted crown band with cords of velvet, red roses posed on front, tiny cap with peaked ears, crystal embroidery.

# Pancho Diggs

By ALICE RICHARDS

The name of Pancho Diggs has, become more or less, the key to good entertainment, not only in New Jersey, but in many of the foremost nite spots all over the country.

Contrary to the belief of many. Pancho is his real name. He and his lovely sister, Mrs. Margaret Robinson, now of Virginia are the only children of Mr. Alton and the late Mrs. Bessie Diggs. After the early death of his beloved mother, Pancho was forced to move to Virginia. His stay was not too long, for several years later he returned to New Jersey to reside in Irvington. During his unusual and highly scholastic attendance at Irvington High, Pancho was an honor student; he also shone in sports. He later transferred to Central High School, of which he is an alumnus.

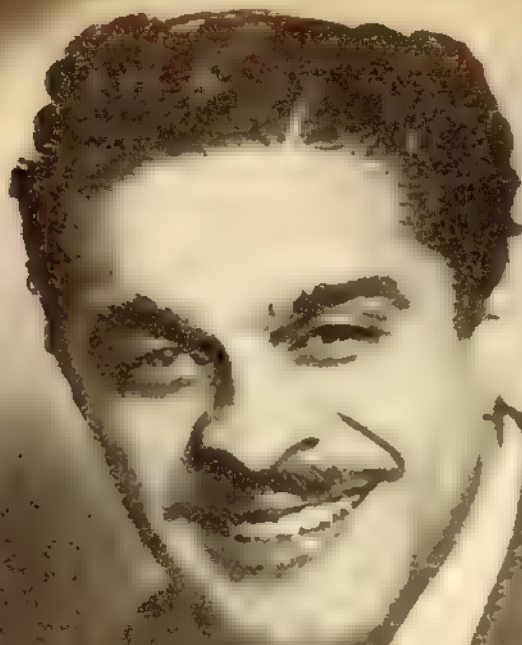
It was also during this period that this ambitious young man met the majority of the personnel which formed what proved to be one of the most outstanding musical aggregations of the northeast.

After his graduation from high school, Pancho formed a band of his own, but in the midst of their successful en-

gagements, the majority of the men were drafted, among them Pancho. This was not the end of his musical career, for he served as a bandsman and bandleader in various Army Air Force bands. During this period he worked with such name bands as Jack Leonard's and Marcus Rozales'. From here he was sent to be First Sergeant for what turned out to be the 770 AAF Band. Upon his return to civilian life, he organized another orchestra, which is currently playing club dates in this vicinity. He also sparkplugged the organization of the Staff Club, which is primarily responsible for the progress now being made by musicians here and in adjacent regions.

Handsome, five feet eleven and a half inches tall, Pancho has unwittingly set the hearts of many aflame. He is a "real" guy, and well liked by most. His charming wife, the former Mozell Howell, has snared with him in his success thru the years of their marriage.

He loves steaks, and modern music. Proof of the latter is the fact that he is sponsoring a "Bop Nite" every Tuesday nite, beginning Oct. 25 at the new Downbeat Club. Some of the world's foremost bands will be featured.



**Pancho Diggs**



# Club World

By MELONEE H. JONES

The Boosters of King Hiram's Craftsmen Center sponsored their second Annual Queen Ball....The beautiful Blue and White column Auditorium was filled to capacity with patrons out to the crowning of Ruth Mitchell from Elizabeth, N. J., the new Queen of King Hiram.... Those who attended included ....Mr. and Mrs. Melvin Smith, Mr. and Mrs. John Smith, Mrs. Eliza Maxwell, Susie Thorn, Joseph Green, Jr., Mrs. Eleanor Heyward, Josh Redding, Mrs. Gertrude Mason, Mrs. Phyllis Remy, Mr. and Mrs. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Govan, Mrs. R. Johnson, Ruth Brown, Anna Woodson, Kenneth Jackson, Leonard Fort, Lionel Smithson, Ethel Jackson, Wilder Harvey, Elizabeth Daniels, Levi Ellberle, Mr. and Mrs. Jones, Christine Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Briskcoe, Verdelle Campbell, Charl May Bankston, Mr. and Mrs. Dewheart, Bett Smoot, Walter Hunt, Rose Lee Gregory, Effie Smith, Louise Siminon, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Southerland, Mr. and Mrs. E. McNeil, Hazel Jenkins, Richard Weeks, Mrs. P. Woodds, Thomas Manns, Jueemie Thompson, Alfred E. Harris, James Dowdell, John Tasher, Clifford Harvey of Bronx, New York, Rebecca

Newby, and Pearl Laws of the famous LIGHT ORCHIDS, Onaida Johnson, Horace Pride, Maryn Hipsen, Will Florence, Gladys Charles, Carolyn Turner, Willa Mae Brown, Nellie Williams, Jessie Watkins, Mae Walker, Melvin Broom, Jimmy Jones, John Webb, Hattie Wright, Beatrice Harold, Helen Savory, Mr. and Mrs. Ridgewood, Mr. and Mrs. Neal Knight, Lillian Smith, Hazel Love, Bessie Claylor, Fannie Brown, Helen Muldrow, Marion Stewart. THE WOMEN OF THE HOUR CLUB, represented by Christine Brevard, Marie Jenkins, Dorothy Jenkins, Alma Rosemond, Bertha Holmes, Willa Mae Harris and Dorothy Miller, many many others who aren't mentioned here....

THE POSTAL ALLIANCE dance held at Prince Hall or the Masonic Temple was a successful affair due to the many who attended....Johnny Jackson and His Orchestra, with Catherine Thompson featured vocalist entertained the guest.... The many friends who were seen enjoying themselves at this gala event were Mr. Petti grew, pres. of Postal Alliance, Arron Saunders, Mr. and Mrs. M. Smith, Evelyn Samford, Thomas Smart, Mrs. Faith Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Bridgeford, Mr. and Mrs. Fenner, Irving De. Chabert of Philadelphia, Mr. and Mrs. Rubin Jackson,

# Spruce Street

(Continued from page 7)

the mirror. The maroon tie blended perfectly with his suit. Then he combed his hair back into place. Paying the clerk he looked around for a clock. There was one on the corner. It was exactly quarter to eight. He was all turned around and mixed now. He didn't know how to get to Belmont Avenue from where he was. He didn't even know which direction Spruce St. was. He stopped an elderly old lady and asked her where Spruce and Belmont Ave. was.

"Two blocks up the street, - - that's Spruce St.," the lady directed, "Turn to your right and walk straight up about two blocks. You'll be on Belmont Ave.

Johnny rushed off without thanking her. At Evergreen Street he noticed Sharon's tavern was crowded. He hurried past and soon found himself on Belmont Avenue. She had told him to meet her on the corner where the Drug Store was. He lit a cigarette and started to nervously watch the second hand on the clock across the street. Each minute seemed like an eternity as he waited. He tried to take his mind off the suspense by watching the crowds. The record shop across the street had a loudspeaker which blasted forth the latest hit tunes. He listened awhile. The time was 8:10. Only 20 more minutes and she'd be there.

More Music, Paul Williams played "35-30". Ella Johnson sang "Since I fell For You." - - The time - - 8:17. He jumped as the sound of a police car siren reached his ears. The car swerved past his corner. He had a strange feeling that they were looking for him. He

lit another cigarette. The time - - 8:19. Now he started looking up and down the street. Once more fear gripped him. Would she show up? Would she stand him up? The suspense was awful. He wanted to go across the street to get a shot of Schenley at the tavern but he was afraid to leave the spot. He was afraid he would miss her. The time - - 8:23. He looked up Spruce Street towards Evergreen. He could make out a figure resembling Sharon's hurrying up the street. He strained his eyes. Could it be her? Disappointment showed in his face as the figure turned into Charlton Street. His heart started to beat faster. The time - - 8:29. Surely she'd be along now. The last minute was like eternity. It was 8:30 and no Sharon. His spirits sunk. So she had forgotten. So she was only jiving him. His anxiety gave way to anger. The time - - 8:33. He started to pace back and forth. He jumped as someone tapped him on the shoulder. Whirling around, he faced her.

"Looking for me? Sorry I'm late."

A broad smile wiped the anger and disappointment from his face. "Hello gorgeous," he said. "What kept you so long?"

"The buses were running slow," she said. "Where shall we go?"

He looked her over from head to foot. She wore an expensive tailored grey pin-stripped suit, white silk blouse and white shoes. Her hair was done in another of those upsweeps so becoming to her. He inhaled deeply, filling his lungs with the perfume she emanated.

He noticed they were the center of attraction to several passers by. He remembered he wasn't in Harlem where

..(Continued on page 21)



Mrs. Myrtle Bryant 91 Monmouth Street, Newark and friends at wheel of new Cadillac car she won in recent Community Hospital raffle. She and husband are unemployed and have six children. She planned to sell the big car.



LES COEUR DOUX gives a cocktail Tete-a-Tete at the Bridge Club in Newark, October 23. Officers shown here are Pearl Overby, president; Tani Kirkley, vice pres.; Renee Alexander, secretary; Gene Wilkinson, corresponding sec'y.; Doris Peterson, business manager and Georgia Goode, treasurer.



# Spruce Street

(Continued from page 9)

the meeting would have been commonplace. Many of Newark's residents were from the South and the sight of white girl with a Negro man was strange to them.

Johnny said, "I don't know anything about Newark. Suppose you make the suggestion."

Sharon meditated awhile. She too had sensed the stares of the pedestrians.

"Let's get a cab," she said. "We can go for a walk in the park."

"O.K. with me," said Johnny as he hailed a Green Cab which was just passing.

Inside, Sharon told the driver to take them to Branch Brook Park. She settled back on the cushions and Johnny ate her up with his eyes. As the vehicle sped out Belmont Avenue into Jones St., over Norfolk St. into Clifton Avenue, neither of them said a word. The cab swerved into the park and they alighted, Johnny paid the driver and they started to stroll. Sharon put her arm through his. He thrilled to her touch. The park was almost deserted save for a few couples of lovers who were also out strolling. Arriving at a bridge, Sharon paused to look into the water.

"Johnny" she said. "Tell me about yourself?"

"There isn't much to tell. I was born in Atlanta, Ga. and when I was two years old my folks moved to New York. I've lived there ever since."

Sharon meditated awhile. "New York-what's it like? I've never been there."

Johnny looked amazed. Was this girl

kidding? How could anyone live in Newark and not visit New York?

"Did I hear you say you've never been to New York?" he asked.

"Yes, strange isn't it? Well, mother and father lived in Vermont all of their lives. Father bought the tavern from a friend of his. I just came to Newark in June. I've never had the opportunity to go to New York."

A bright new thought came to Johnny.

"Little girl, you've come to the right man," said he. "I'm going to show you the greatest little city in the world. We're going to New York and right now!"

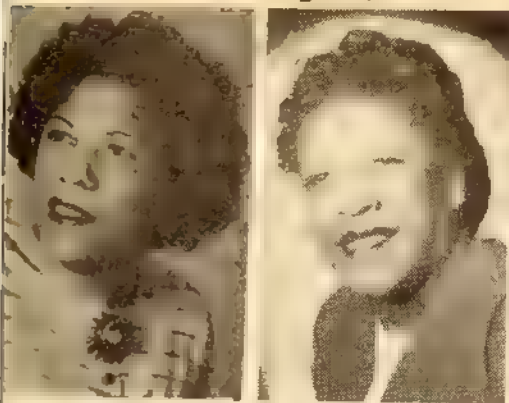
"You mean - - tonight? Oh Johnny - - I'd love it."

Another swift taxi ride and they were alighting in front of Penn Station. Sharon enjoyed every bit of the trip via Hudson Tube. Then by subway. They came out of the subway at 125th Street and Edgecombe. Sharon like an amazed child just going to her first circus. She walked along in a daze looking at all the tall buildings and immense crowds. Johnny walked her up to Small's Paradise where they enjoyed a fine floor show. She noticed a different atmosphere in this city from the one she had experienced in Newark. No one seemed to pay them any mind. They were just like two people in a world of their own.

They had danced at Small's and Johnny had kissed her for the first time. It was then that he realized that this girl lacked the flame and passion he had been accustomed to. She responded but it was a sort of cold, forced response.

(Continued on page 23)

## Cosmetologists



On November 13 the widely known Cosmetologists Guild presents their annual dance at the Terrace Room, 1030 Broad Street. Here are two members of the organization, Angelina Griggs of East Orange and Viola Wilson of East Orange.

## ★ DOWNBEAT ★

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IN THE HEART  
OF THE CITY

# Spruce Street

(Continued from page 21)

"Maybe after she gets some more to drink she'll be warmer," thought Johnny. He ordered more drinks. Sharon started getting silly, giggling at nothing at all.

Johnny thought it was time to go, so he paid the check and they stepped out into the crowded street.

He hailed a taxi and told the driver to take them to the Manderman Hotel. He was surprised that Sharon didn't offer any objections.

They registered at the hotel as Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Wilson of Roanoke, Va. An elevator whisked them up to the 6th floor and the bell hop let them into room 602. He ordered a pint of Schenley, ginger ale and ice.

When they were alone at last, he pulled her to him. His lips found hers and she let him kiss her. Still he noticed there was no passion, no life, no fire in her response.

Johnny was puzzled as she pulled away.

"What's the matter, honey? he asked. Don't you want me to bother you?"

"It's not that" Sharon said. "Men just don't excite me. I don't know what's wrong with me. I just can't seem to get any feeling for them."

The bellhop's arrival with the whiskey and set-up interrupted the conversation. Johnny paid him and bolted the door.

He went over and sat down beside Sharon on the bed. "Haven't you ever Jean out with a man before?" he asked.

"Oh yes - - plenty of times," she said.

"Didn't they make love to you?"

"Yes, but they just didn't excite me."

"Maybe you'll feel better after you've had another drink."

"Maybe I will. I'm sorry if I'm spoiling your evening."

Johnny poured her a big drink of whiskey and put just a little ginger ale and ice in it. "Here, drink this," he snapped, showing signs of impatience. He hadn't counted on this. Here was a girl who had shown every indication of being excellent bedroom companionship. Now she was as cold as the ice in that bowl.

Sharon coughed as she tried to drink the strong liquid. Johnny had no mercy on her. He was determined to get her drunk now. He thought that alcohol would change her nature, increase her desire for him. The girl put the glass aside. "It's no use Johnny," she cried. "I've even tried getting drunk. It's just no use. I just can't seem to get any feelings for men."

Johnny got to his feet. She couldn't do this to him. She was lying. She must have some sort of desire for him. No girl could go out with him without feeling desire for him. Angrily he turned on her.

(Don't miss next week's chapter of Spruce Street in After Hours.)



# Cab Reveals Marriage

By MABLE FIELDS

Cab Calloway told me in an interview Thursday in Newark's Adams Theatre that he had re-married five years ago and has two lovely daughters, Cecelia and Christina.

Since my recollection it that only Cab's divorce five years ago, and not his new marriage, has been widely publicized, I, guess this is our first After Hours news beat.

Cab lives in Long Island since his recent marriage but also keeps up with what's happening in Jersey. Asked to make any statement about anything he pleased, he said;

"Yes, I hope that they the people of Newark will think before they vote next month. Vote for someone in whom you have confidence, some one you can trust, one who will give guidance to all people toward good, sound government."

I was unable to get my interview until he had first looked over a recent issue of "After Hours". Of this magazine he said

"It's different, unique. It creates a holding interest. I'm sure it has a bright future. Good Luck, After Hours."

Asked if he thought there is a slump in show business he told me:

"Yes, large bands are in a very bad shape. Combos, trios, sextettes are in more demand. It was this slump which caused me to dispense with my larger band and replace it with a smaller one."

Cab started in show business 20 years ago.

"My sister Blanche Calloway gave me

my first start," he said. "She is now managing and encouraging the talents of Ruth Brown, who recently recorded "So Long" and "It's Raining".

Asked the inevitable question on the Hucklebuck Cab responded:

"I fell in love with the Hucklebuck, musically speaking, after hearing Paul William's version while I was in Florida last winter. His version is real good. I have since arranged my own musical version of the Hucklebuck in a dance performance.

"I have never seen the Hucklebuck in a dance performance.

"I would like to see it danced and perhaps then I can understand why it has been banned."

Cab has recorded two records - "Beep When I Want To Bop" and "Old Joe Louis".

His next stop is in Quebec at the Horseshoe Inn.

At the Adams Cab said he enjoyed a record crowd. "The public was grand," he declared.

Of his cast he cited Durby Wilson.

"She is a grand dancer," he declared.

"We have worked together many years."

To me the famed band leader seemed a little tired. He has lost weight. There was a report of slight financial difficulties. During the show two be-boppers tried to rib him aloud, but he ignored the interruption. He is a great entertainer and drew a record crowd. Perhaps his fatigue was due to the fact that the first day's show is always the hardest.

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# After Hours Calendar

## KING HIRAM LODGE

- Nov. 5 - Sons and Daughters of  
St. Christopher  
Nov. 12 - Suburban Queens  
Nov. 13 - Azalia Hackley Community  
Center  
Nov. 19 - The Women  
Nov. 24 - The Student Council

## LLOYD'S MANOR

- Oct. 29 - Green Taxi Drivers' Dance  
Nov. 5 - Lucky 12 Social Club dance  
Nov. 12 - United Twelve dance  
Nov. 19 - DeLuxe S. C. Inc., dance  
Nov. 26 - Squire's Dance  
Dec. 3 - Les Bonnie Filles S. C. dance  
Dec. 3 - Henry H. Garner Elks Lodge  
Dec. 24 - Boosters Club Xmas Eve Party

## TERRACE BALLROOM

- Nov. 12 - Four Keyes Dance  
Nov. 13 - Cosmetogists Guild  
Nov. 19 - 14 Pals  
Nov. 20 - Don Newcombe Testimonial  
Dinner  
Dec. 26 - Tweedsmen  
Dec. 28 - Cosmetogists

## MASONIC TEMPLE

- Oct. 28 - Testimonial to Grand Lodge  
Officers  
Oct. 29 - 7 Star Social Club  
Good Deal S. C.  
Nov. 5 - Progressive Lodge Dance  
Banquet Mt. Zion Lodge  
No. 50 of Hackensack  
Nov. 11 - All Brothers Club  
Jolly Social Club

- Nov. 12 - Al Graham's Promotion  
Nov. 13 - Bon Tons Cocktail  
Nov. 19 - St. John's Lodge Dance  
Nov. 20 - Sapphire Club  
Nov. 24 - Harvest Ball  
Nov. 26 - Atomic Club Dance  
Nov. 26 - Teddy Powell Promotion  
Nov. 27 - Eastern Star Tea

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